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in bronze, purposed as book ends for music, were presented by the Friday Morning Club of Los Angeles to William M. Chase, when on the morning of November 20th he was the honor guest at the Club.

During November an exhibition of paintings by William Silva of Carmel-by-the-Sea was held in the rooms of this Club which is most active in its efforts to awaken and hold interest in the fine arts in Southern California.

CURRENT EXHIBITIONS AT THE CITY ART MUSEUM, ST. LOUIS

BY CHARLES PERCY DAVIS

THERE are exhibitions of paintings the chief interest and pleasure in which do not arise solely from our admiration for their technical points. The pleasure that one derives from the exhibition of "Colonial Portraits"—shown for a very short time in the City Art Museum—is of a kind difficult to express in words. The canvases themselves have been flavored by time—one might say thyme and rosemary—and some of the technical qualities forced into second place.

To the eighteenth and early nineteenth century painter, the proper study of mankind was man and his clothing; they were portrait painters, not invariably painters, and had the mannerisms to be found among the followers of any other craft; the easy, swift flowing brush, especially in the details of the costumes, bearing evidence to the thoroughness of the apprenticeship.

It is well for the painter to drop the absorbing question of paint and its best manner of application, and enjoy the work of these men to whom paint had become merely the vehicle that conveyed them to a result; for such examples are always refreshing and useful; and for the rest of mankind it is good to take the opportunity to enter the society of these comfortable people of a more easy-going time; to go apart and rest awhile.

The sixteen paintings are interesting enough, apart from their historic atmosphere, in their present condition of color and tone; the most important, of course,

being the Benjamin West, from his sketches or studies for paintings in monochrome or color, with their evidences of his Italian study, to the large academic canvas of "Juno Receiving the Cestus from Venus." There is so much good color in this composition and good drawing in parts, that its academic dryness and labored painting scarcely place it in that class of composition that has too little of the freedom and strength of genius to overcome the academic blight.

One of the most interesting in the collection is Chester Harding's "Portrait of Mr. George Hallett"; a fine, thoughtful face, delicately and evenly painted, and in perfect condition, as is the charming Gilbert Stuart, "Portrait of Jonathan Amory," the bright, alert gentleman of beautiful complexion and creamy neckcloth, on the umber background that succeeded the pillar, curtain and dead landscape. These heads are beautifully modeled in a delicate, elusive way and the color lasting and pure.

Among the pictures by John Singleton Copley—who loved satin and gold lace as did his sitters—the "Portrait of Admiral Gambier" is the most interesting and strikes one as attaining the happiest result among them. The "Portrait of Mrs. Thomas Dongan" might be taken for a Hogarth.

To those who seldom see the work of our early painters such an exhibition is exceedingly interesting and a reminder that American art was built on a solid foundation.



MRS. THOMAS DONGAN

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY

Like the Colonial Portraits, the collection of paintings by Alexis J. Fournier, presenting to us "The Haunts and Homes of the Barbizon Masters"—shown in the Museum since November 8th—has been seen elsewhere and is too well known to require detailed description. Mr. Fournier by a varied selection of time and condition of weather has escaped the dangers of monotony into which he might have fallen, and, despite the actual picturesque features of the

haunts of the leaders of the great Barbizon school and the sentiment awakened by their homes and working places, he might have failed to make it as impressive a collection as it is. A number of the twenty subjects selected have the actual pictorial possibility that needed only a capable interpreter of their picturesqueness—quaint streets, stone bridges, winding rivers and old trees, which it is to be hoped will never lose their interest for painter or public.

The style of these paintings is no less varied than is the time of day or night in each; and if, as William M. Hunt said of his own landscapes, one is apt to see nature through the eyes of her great interpreters, Corot and others, the effort to bring the environment of the master painters more forcibly before us, by adopting something of the style of each, might be regarded as an unconscious influence upon the painter, or else a conscious attempt to reproduce each master's style in the representation of his former home and surroundings, which was a very difficult undertaking. On the other hand, however, if Corot loved feathery willows and lived among trees of that kind, to paint a picture of Corot's home

without feeling something of Corot's manner of interpreting such trees would be to deliberately close the avenues to such influence, which would not lead to very happy effects. Yet one of the most interesting canvases, technically, is the home of one who has left us no impressions of the landscape in which he lived, the sculptor, Barye.

The paintings of the homes of the French masters are accompanied by sixteen others—interesting sketches, chiefly in Normandy; the "Saucy" castle of Cœur de Lion and its vicinity under various conditions of weather; some fresh spring effects of blossoming trees and showery skies and several summer landscapes.

TO WATT'S "HOPE"

By ALICE FELICITA COREY

Not in triumphant pose, within the hand
 A lily held towards heavens still to be,
 Art thou, O Hope, who tellest mightily
 A secret other painters never spanned,
 Because they knew not thy real nature's key.
 Thou figure speaking life's strange mystery!
 Behind thee shines a shadowy twilight;
 Thine eyes are bound, no need hast thou for sight
 Or prophet's call; thou future art and history.
 O never gone, but ever nearly passed,
 And never gained, but ever nearly found;
 The yet-to-be of music's inmost sound,
 The last string left upon the lyre at last;
 Illuming consciousness towards which we grope,
 Thou vanishing, ever-abiding Hope!